"How can 17" dejectedly. "She wished me to go, and—" hercely—"she was right. I was making a veritable nulsance of myself."

A fortnight elapsed before he began to question the compliment of discussing "Miss Westly" to exclusion of other themes. Without flattery, he called himself an idiot and registered a resolution. Thenceforward Miss Westly played a diminishing part in lake-shore conversations, and with satisfaction Mrs. Perternoted. Summer passed, and the friend-ship of a northern man and a southern woman grew stronger day by day. "You've been wonderfully good to me," Have 17" she laughed. "How?"

"You've been wonderfully good to me," he clared one evening.

"Have 17" she laughed. "How?"

"Do you think I need specify?" he asked, gently.

With a contented little sigh she held out her hand in the pretty, impulsive way that was hers. "We have become friends, haven't we?" she whispered.

Their talk that evening bore little relevancy to an exile's mutilated affections. "Bless his heart," she murmured, as he bade a reluctant good night. "She means no more to him now than an unfamiliar character in ancient history. And now."

Mrs. Porter seated herself on the step and smiled at the stars.

The hour was late, but the night was beautiful and the air delicious. Several unmalled letters in her room unstelled and smiled at the stars.

The hour was late, but the night was beautiful and the air delicious. Several unmalled letters in her room unstelled with the street.

The journey took her past the housenext door, and—with a peculiar thrill which she promptly declared unworthy—site espled a light in an upstarier room. The impulse to take "just a peek" was too strong for resistance, and, moreover, harmless, and she yielded. Somewhat to her consternation, a figure was in the window, silhoutted against a glare of yellow light; but, happily, she was unnotted. Sometung eyidently was absorbing his attention—yes, she could see distinctly, he was winding his watch, that time-hallowed preliminary to a night of masculine repose. Th

reverie that followed was inter

runted by a voice—his voice—at-the gate. Whithrop had a suit case in his hand, and he feemed excited.
"I've only a moment," he said, breathershy, "You see, I'm—I'm starting

"But-where, and why?",
"From her," he explained, "Read."
Mechanically she did so. The message

Mechanically she did so. The message read:

"Come back at once. Helen."
"And you're really going" she faltered.
"Why-yos," he answered, dubiously.
"My train goes at five."
"I shall miss our little talks dreadfailly," was on the tip of her tongue; but instead she said with a sweet little smile, "I'm very, very happy over your good fortune. May I cong. diate you?"
"Thank you," he responded, uncomfortably, "Good-by." He pressed her hand, and was gone.

Mrs. Forter smiled bravely and waved her hand, but a lump in her throat grew to uncomfortable proportions. Tears that a nioment before had been under perfect control now threatened to become untilly; hastly she sought-her roam for a quiet little weep.

The dinner bell rang while that duly was still in progress, but the sound was accepted as a signil-for giel's termination; prompt forgetfulness would be the part of widom, and fresolutely she prepared to go below.

Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles,)
No one at Mrs. Wiggins' boarding house—no one but Mrs. Porter, that is—would have called Winthrop sentimental. Mrs. Porter was a widow, and observant.
As rapidly as deceny permitted, Winthrop finished his first meal and begged to be excused, thus allowing discussion to begin without delay,
"What's his name, did you say?" whispered Mrs. Ridgely promptly,
"What's his name, did you say?" whispered Mrs. Ridgely promptly,
"What's his name, did you say?" whispered Mrs. Ridgely promptly,
"What's his name, did you be because the process Mrs. Wiggins. "He's from St. Paul, or Denver."

patiently, "and I regretted it later."

"Tild you, really," she asked, tremulously, "Say you won't any more," with a protty gesture of entreaty.

He took her hand that she extended, and looked uncomfortable,
"Honest, now," she pursued, with a sly little twinkle, "wasn't it a wee bit comfy? Wasn't it?"

"Yes," he admitted, "It was. And—and I thank you for letting me."

On subsequent evenings they sought the same moon-commanding spot. Mrs. Porter's methods were irresistibly tactful.
"And her eyes—blue? "How I wish"—navely—"I might see her photograph!"

With pride did he draw forth a miniature concealed in his watchease.
"Beautiful! And aron't you really going to write to her, ever?"

"How can I?" dejectedly. "She wished me to go, and—" fercely—"she was right. I was making a veriable nuisance of mysel."

virgins. He's from St. Faul, or Den-ver."

"He's good looking," remarked Miss.
Prudence Brown, "How old is he?"

"should say," temporized Mrs. Wig-ging, "oh, about..."

"Twenty-eight," suggested Miss Brown,
"Leave the room—he's thirty-five!" de-clared. Mrs. Ridgely, impatiently. The problem solved to her entire satisfaction, she turned debate into new channels, "Did you notice his hands?" she in-quired.

"Did you notice his hands?" she inquired.

Little Mrs. Porter, demure and altogether widowlike, listened and formed her own conclusions.

At dinner, Winthrop-his status settled—was received into full membership, with the privilege of criticising any new boarder who might thereafter appear. He was a tail, broad-shouldered chap with a pleasant manner, and the impression made was favorable.

It was subject for comment, however, that he seldom remained on the veranda after dinner.

"You hurry away as if you dislike us!" complained Mrs. Wiggins.
"Tre some letters to write," he explained.

"Tre some letters to write," he explained.

Mrs. Ridgely rose to the occasion.
"Tou're unsoclable," she averred. "Perhaps," she titlered, "you're in love."
"On filted." suggested Mrs. Mason.
Winthrop laughed good-naturedly, but the corners of a rather firm mouth drooped in a mannor which an observant widow deemed significant. "It's the truth!" she murmured.

From the outset Mrs. Porter's attitude was one of cordial friendship.
"That man needs cheering," was her confidential diagnosis; and straightway she determined upon a course of treatment.

she determined upon a course of treatment.

"You'll not run away to-night," she informed him, in an agreeable undertone, when first they chanced to reach the porch alone. "You'll stay and play with

me."

Most inviting was Mrs. Porter in her fuffy white organdle with its tiny black bows; but Wuthrop hostated.

"I cant;" he began, glibly. "I've a-"

"I'know"—quickly—"some letters, and a business engagement, and-and loads of things! But, please"—her tone changed to persuasive pleading—just a little while to-night. Don't you see I understand—know all about it?"

know all about it?"

"About what!" uneasily,

"You and her, and—and everything.

You musn't brood—it won't help a bit!"

"But I assure you," he protested, "I—I
sive you my word—"

"Don't perfure away your immortal
soul," she laughed, "No"—with decision—
we'll walk to the lake, and I'll give you
wisterby sympathy and motherly advice!"

His flush was evidence of guilt.

"Do you know;" he remarked, irritably, the following evening, "it was ridleulous of me to talk as I did last night."
"It wasn't at all!" she cried; "it was right, and proper, and natural, and—and besides"—ingentously—"I wanted to



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To-Morrow we Start Our Annual Clearance Sale



shall be enforced even more strenuously than ever before—all Furniture, all Floor Coverings, all Wearing Apparel included. The best merchants in the land have learned the value of closing out at the end of each season. What we lose by the sacrifice is more than made up in the reputation of having new goods for each new season.

suggestions from the wonderful stock on which the sale is based.

The time of greatest economy is here—the place of greatest economy is HERE. Time and place are working hand in hand for your good.

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Whether for a single room, for a hotel, for a block-whether for present or for future needs, it will pay to buy Floor Coverings now. Best to bring the measurement of your room or rooms, for there are patterns here in limited quantities only, at such matchlessly low prices that it is wise to be prepared to say, "I will take it."

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the price of the ordinary. You buy a single piece as cheaply as we bought in

quantity. You ought to feel proud of your judgment in visiting Pettit & Co.,

and remember, our little-at-a-time plan

\$2.95 \$30,00 China Closets, with bent glass ends and mirror top; frame of quarter-

\$23.75

sawed oak, reduced to

China Closets, less elaborate,

still very complete and hand-some, worth \$20, reduced to \$14.50

A Dozen or More Chiffoniers that sold at \$6.00 or \$7.50, re-

\$4.45

A line of very elegant Dining Room Chairs that we have sold

at \$2.25 or thereabouts, are go-

\$4.50 Lamps, as illustrated, with "lift

front. Beautifully decorated, re-

Lots of remnants Wilton Velvet, Brusin each. Pick them out—we'll cut them all, or as much of the remnant as you

wish at, per yard, 57 1-2c. \$1,75 Royal Axminster Carpet, in score of handsome designs, are reduced to \$1.35 \$1,50 extra quality Wilton Velvet, in most attractive patterns and colorings, for \$1.20. \$1.00 Brussels Carpet, a limitless supply of patterns and handsome colorings in the sale, at 77 1-2c.

Royal Axminster Rugs, six feet long by three feet wide, in the sale at \$3.25.

40c Olicioth for kitchen and bathroom. the most pleasing patterns, for 25c.
60c and 75c Linoleum, including the newest designs, such as Parquet, Flooring, Tile and Floral effects, reduced to 55c.

This Bedroom

with massive head and foot roll,

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\$22.50

A Broadcloth \$35.00

Suit, in plum, garnet,

green; made swell. Our

best selling model. In-

deed, an acceptable

For any of our \$28.00 Suits, in a variety of styles, colors and blacks. A present of service that looks twice the cost value.

For a \$16.00 Covert Coat; only twenty left of this lot; cut shapely and full; all of them satin lined; a gift well worth having.

For a \$12.00 Coat, in Tan Covert Cloth; a recent purchase of these at a ridiculous price will permit of you giving a sensible gift.

Four-fifths of the garments in our immense stock are affected. Price cutting has been done in carnest—with a view of the quickest clearing sale we've ever had. Prices that really are ridiculous are quoted. Thirty days' more wear out of these than last year, when equally big clearing sale reductions were made. The cold weather is all to come, and the time of year when new and stylish dress is most important follows January 1st.

30 Days Ahead of the Regular Time--

Big Reduction Sale of Suits and Coats



\$28.75

Combination Bookcases that were \$20.00 re-

\$14.95

Beautiful Parlor Tables that were \$5.50 are

\$3.95

And, mind you, just a small deposit will furnish your home from cellar to dome, and we'll

Sketches Here and There Tales of Town and State

Readers of These Tales and Reminiscenses Are Cordially Invited to Contribute

part of wisdom, and resolutely she pre-pared to go below, "
With a cheery "good evening" ready for delivery, sine opened the dimin-room door—then stopped abriptly on the thres-hold. There in his accustomed place was Winthrop, calmly enjoying his dinner, "But-but I thought you had gone," she whispered as she took her chair bes-side him. she whispered as she took her chair beside him.

"I missed my train," he explained in an undertone, "I'll tell you later."

Prompty after dimfet the group on the veranda watched typ of its members disappear around the corner.

"Of course!" snappled Miss Brown.
Winthrop and Mrs. Porter walked some distance before either spoke.

"Small woman," he began, finally, "don't you know why I didn't go?"

She shook her head.

"Don't you know I couldn't!" he continued, "that I simply couldn't!. Don't you know—limpulsively—"hat It's you I want, and that—that no one else anywhere could begin to take your pince?"

Again Mrs. Porler shook her head. "I didn't know it, Arthur, she answered, simply, "But—but it's precious : et to be told." She gave his arm a hasty little squeeze.

For a longer time than need be specialmost universal," said an observing friend of the Man of the Street, "and

could conveniently secure, and found that twelve women who had been arrested on various charges in a city not two hundred pilos from Richmond—three who had figured in divords and five who had been concerned in dopenants or other scandals were called "actrossos," yet of these twelve not one was that. Eleven out of the total had no connection with the theatrical profession at all, and had merely been chorus girls or supers for a short period at some

bars are in the business for money, but they are not in for 'drunks,' and there are a score of efficient ways by which many men are prevented from taking that one glass too much that are often brought into use. At many bars they won't serve a palpably drunken man, and there you see a pretty good influ-ence for temperance, instruction in the une and not abuse of the things man has created, in the places where re-formers would least of all expect to find them."

"You would be surprised," said a veteran hotel clerk, who has held positions in several of the large hotels in Washington, and is now on a visit in friends in Richmond, to the Man of the Street, "to know what green specimens we run up against in my business sometimes. You would think that the average city man would be thoroughly familiar with the ordinary customs of a hotel, but now and then questions that make us stand and wonder are asked us by guests who have every appearance

hotel, but now and then questions that make us stand and wonder are asked us by guests who have every appearance of being sophisticated.

"The other day a well dressed man came in and registered. We gave him a good room and did not hear from him until the next morning. He came down to the desk, fooled around a minute or two, and then leaned over and asked me in a confidential tone if guests had to register every morning. One time, several years ago, when I was at work at another hotel, the most peculiar incident of this sort that I ever heard of happened. As I came on one morning at 8 o'clock one of the bell boys came to the desk and told me he had found a man sitting on the stairway, who wanted to see me. I went around and found a man who had reigstered from Philadelphia, sitting on the bottom steps of the flight between the second and third stories of the hotel.

"I wish you would show me how to get out here," he said. I walked down three flights, but I can't get any further." "The stairway ran down around the elevator well, which was enclosed, and

down he thought he was fastened

laughed, but she wear them, and so I bought icans had to wear them, and so I bought some. The first day that I wore them was one of agony. I felt that I was in stupelying character, and as this sweeps wearning them on alternate days, but was not until cold weather that I could really have any peace with the extra clothing. Even now I am not at the could really have any peace with the outlet at the man who does not use it quite at home, and I must say that I quite at home, and I must say that I the MAN OF THE STREET.

"It is a mistake to presume that to-bacco has any sort of an effect on the brain," said one of the Richmond phy-"The feature of American life that it took longest for me to accustom mysolf to," said a German who has been over for some years, "is the wearing of
underclothes. That may sound rather
queerly to you, but abroad, or, at any
rate, in my part of Germany, we do not
wear underclothes at all. I had never
heard of such garments when I landed,
and I went on happy in my ignorance
until my landiady asked me why I never
had any in the wash. I did not know
the meaning of the word and simply
laughed, but she insisted that all Amerleans had to wear them, and so I bought
some. The first day that I wore them
as more tobacco is consumed the soching stage will soon pass into that of a

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Abuse of the Word "Actress." "The abuse of the word 'actress' is

she whlengered as she took her chair be side him.

"It missed my train," he explained in an Errompty, after diffired the group on the vernatide watched typ of its members disappear around the sorner sheep.

Withirton and Mrs. Fortie walked some distance before either spote.

"Small woman," he began, finally distance before either spote.

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"Small woman," he began, finally distance when the same that the season of the sound of the sound of the spote.

"She shook her head.

"Dou't you know it, couldn'the he continued for the men who make the proposition of the before a many chance to be found that make the spote of the sound that the state of the matter of the spote in the show business course the same of the show business course the same a hasty little spote that the state of the spote the third spote the third spote the state of the spote the third spote the third spote the spote that the spot

Not All From the Country.

"The stairway ran down around the ave elevator well, which was enclosed, and when he got down to the second floor fall he found the shape of the hall in front of him was different from that of those of on the upper flaors, and he thought be